

# Harvest Home



trollcatz

 **trollcatz**

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>  
2007-11-22 19:58:00



**MOOD:**  content

**MUSIC:** Wailin' Jennys - Bright Morning Stars


Think of it as two editions of me. The old edition has been around for a while; things are pretty good for her, and she knows what to expect of life. The old me has Thanksgiving dinner at noon at a restaurant with her dad, during which she and he try to figure out how to communicate with each other without sinking to each other's level. \*g\* I expected lunch-dinner to be the usual old-me experience.

Except T. was there. I think she gets my dad better than I do. For me, he's my father, and it's hard for me to apply all the things I know about behavior when I've got memories of learning to ride a bike getting in the way. For T., he's an intellectual out of touch with his emotions, and she deals with them in department meetings all the time. Or so she says.

So lunch was old-edition...but not really. Thanks to T., I began to see what a family Thanksgiving might be like. Might even be like for me, someday.


Then there's the new edition of me, the one that appeared early this year. She has no holiday traditions, no expectations, and no clue. She has a new girlfriend, new friends, new apartment, new job, new hobby, and she's rolling with whatever happens next.

Four p.m. was the watershed between the old edition and the new one.

We open the door and the whole place smells like OMG FOOD, and the kitchen CD player is going like club night. In the kitchen, all six burners and both ovens are working, and the entire half-acre of counterspace is occupied. It looks like chaos at first glance. At second glance, it looks like an Army footlocker at inspection time.  **cvillette** (<https://cvillette.livejournal.com/>) looks up from the cutting board, beams, and waves a gigantic kitchen knife that I'm pretty sure isn't ours. Then he does the spin I've seen him do on the dance floor, and it gets him to the stove in

time to stir something, while Matt Nathanson sings, "...I want somethin' a little bit louder."

Not long after that,

 **Ometotchtli** (<https://Ometotchtli.livejournal.com/>) arrives carrying two vintage hatboxes and yells, "Chaz, if you want to eat them, I have to have someplace to put them *down*," and he points with a spoon toward the dining room sideboard without missing a bouncing rubber-kneed step (it's KT Tunstall by that point). O unpacks the hatboxes, which reveals that she's turned them into pie carriers. Then she ropes T. into a Scrabble duel, which rapidly devolves into the two of them assigning word scores based on the obscurity of the word and whether they bluff their opponent into accepting the made-up ones.

The three of us set the table more or less in spite of ourselves, and Chaz hands us all potholders so we can bucket-brigade the food to the table. T. lights candles, and Chaz, Hafs, and I build her a custom serial-arsonist profile that makes her blow out a candle laughing. Then Chaz brings out the whole bird, the one he hasn't already dismantled and piled on platters, and we applaud and cheer and toast, clinkclinkclinkclink, and thankgod there are only the four of us at the eight-place table because any more plates and there wouldn't be room for the food.

And sometime during all that pie, I realize the new edition is the *only* me. The old edition is out of print, and this one has a better cover and the typos are fixed.

Dear Universe: I'm being thankful. Thank you for my wonderful lover, who shows me that the parts of me that I thought needed fixing are the parts that make me real. Thank you for my smart, funny, wicked new sister, full of surprises and strength. Thank you for my crazy new little bruddah and climbing buddy who dances dinner into existence like a creation myth from Julia Child. (Did I mention he is also much with the smart and funny?) Thank you for hard work that makes a difference. Thank you for play that reminds me that you never stop needing to play.

And thank you for me. It's a good me. I think I'll keep her.



### Thank you

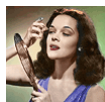
This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

### ...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law enforcement professional--

5 comments



 Ometotchtli

November 23 2007, 03:08:01 UTC

COLLAPSE

Gotta pry her away from me first!

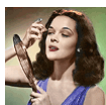


 trollcatz

November 23 2007, 03:20:40 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oookaaaaay, we'll *share*. <3



 Ometotchtli

November 23 2007, 03:34:12 UTC

COLLAPSE

<3<3<3<3<3<3



 cvillette

November 23 2007, 14:50:50 UTC

COLLAPSE

Rubber-kneed?



 trollcatz

November 23 2007, 14:55:13 UTC

COLLAPSE

Aww, it's a vain platypus. Trust me, it looks good on you.